



May 12, 1999

Theodore J. Kaczynski  
04475-046  
P.O. Box 8500  
Florence, CO 81226-8500

Dear Ted,

You were quite right in your supposition that "Ship of Fools" would deliver both delight and edification. I laughed aloud on nearly every page! Please write more of these. If I have to reimburse you for the cost of copies, postage (you still have not taken me up on the offer) I most certainly will. I thought your parable was brilliant, and I would like to publish a book of such shorts. It could be called "Parables". But I am sure you would come up with something much better.

I called up one of the editors at OFF! (Maybe but I am not sure since he mumbled and I didn't want to draw attention to his annunciation/my hearing problem). (I do not have a hearing problem.) I asked if he would allow me to post "Ship of Fools" on my web site before he published it in August. He had no problem with that. They print 3000 copies, so I offered to help them print another 1000 copies. Will you allow me to post the story? It would make me very happy. Copyright would still belong to you, which would be writ bold on the posting and we would scan the originals, so there is zero margin for error.

(Apr. 25, p. 1, ¶ 4): The prison may yet accede to a visit, but the guitar will not be part of any deal. This is what I am hoping, and the premise from which I begin to reach the opinion that we may meet: Now that Bonnie is no longer your attorney, you would have no representation were you to grant an interview to *60 Minutes*. I am still operating under the assumption we would do so only with a binding agreement (yr letter of March 23/my letter of March 12). I have apprised the people at CBS about Bonnie's actions and your response, especially with regard to the fact that I might be the best person to be present at an interview for the purpose of auditing any errant tendencies on their part. I may be present as a journalist, since I am also a sometime journalist, and this is one category of visitation allowed by the prison. *60 Minutes* will have to secure permission and it is not certain they will succeed in bringing me to the interview. I do think it would be advisable to have me there. I hope that Buttrey (sp?) and/or Mello can finesse the legal vetting of the transcripts.

As I have said to you before, I think this interview will help further your efforts to set the record straight. In addition, I would consider it a favor if you would agree to an interview. There seems

to be an embargo of sorts with regard to your appeal and the content of Mello's book among the media, and the program we have discussed would help boost sales, thereby making it possible for me to undertake further titles of importance in the future. This interview would be done in one go, and they are interested in doing it during the months of June or July. If you agree to it, please send me notice in a separate letter so that they can make arrangements with the prison authorities. A final consideration: The interview will complement any reviews of your book since it will reach a larger audience, which would help counteract any grumbling that may bubble out of critical cranks.

(p. 1, ¶ 5) I am enclosing a picture that ran in *Wired Magazine* of all places. The comment about ebooks was taken out of context, but I do think print-on-demand would cut down on the wasteful tendency of the publishing industry. If your eyesight is good it should be readable. I am sending an identification photo in case you find the printed snapshot too small. Lydia is a really good drafter. Is the "Beau Friedlander as Perseus" the only sketch she produced of me?

(p. 2, ¶ 2): It was clear the first time you told me not to say anything about the shrink. I will never make disclosures that you have made to me privately and I consider all of our correspondence private.

(p. 3, ¶ 2): Ted Kaczynski it is!

(¶ 3): Spanish translation by Ted Kaczynski! I guess I will leave out the exclamation point. I am glad to hear that you will be getting back your copy of the dictionary. I wonder about Denvir and Clarke, but I know that you are attached to them and they seem to be kind. I suppose the book thing was a simple mistake. And I obviously have been harboring the above feeling for a while. I apologize and would stress that I am merely expressing my opinion about them, which is based on execrable intuition and scanty information. Back to the translation, I know several native Spanish speakers/writers who would be able to make sure everything was okay.

(¶4 & p. 4, ¶ 2): Scratch the letter idea. I will ask Lydia about the preface by . I think I will follow your advice about critical response to the Manifesto, and contact John. I spoke to him once on the telephone (for about an hour). I think he would be the best person to contact, and he would enjoy the project.

(p. 3, ¶ 3 - p. 5, ¶ 1): I understand what the author of the Manifesto meant by technology. I was wondering about the second edition of it, which could possibly be authorized, and thus presumably made more involved given the fact that it will no longer be in a newspaper. The narrative of technology in general terms, followed by the specification of the particular kind of technology to which the author refers, can only serve to open the text up to more readers, and make it more edifying.

(p. 5, ¶ 3): I am glad that you told me the whole story. This confirms my suspicion that at least Judy Clarke had something to do with Bonnie's conclusions regarding the mental illness tack. I

3  
~~Handwritten notes and scribbles~~

got this impression from Bonnie when he was defending his decision about representing you, and as you will recall he was quite defensive when I suggested that history had repeated itself. I wonder if the author of this particular scene with Bonnie also penned the scenario that unfolded into the final gambit of your pre-trial proceedings. The whole thing smells like a scrubbed and perfumed Schweik: *i.e.*, bad. I am becoming allergic to the total lack of forthright behavior among your various lawyers. I do not think anything is as it seems right now, and I am feeling paranoid. Perhaps Quin and Judy did nothing wrong...

(p. 6 ¶ 4 – p. 5): I am perfectly willing to question your family members separately. The problem I foresee is that my visit will be announced. They will know who I am. Therefore, I will be treated with suspicion from the get-go. This would probably mean that your brother and sister-in-law would not leave me alone with your mother. If this is the case, I will not do well to ask any questions about the alleged shutdowns without spoiling the fishing for someone else. I think I might be able to get them to contradict each other in real time if I met with all of them at the same time. But I would have to have a tape recorder with me, as would anyone else, to prove the statements were made. Otherwise it would be one party's word against the other. I am not sure if they could nail someone for taping the conversation, and if anyone interviews them, it would be wise to find out first. At any rate, I do believe that I might succeed in obtaining the results described toward the end of paragraph 2 of page 5.

(¶ 3): Since my visit will be announced, she will have ample opportunity to confer with your brother. I would think that the lynching pin would be getting your brother to grant rights. Question: Is he capable of swaying your mother's opinion or does it go the other way around – or does Linda have them all under her spell?

(p. 8, ¶ 1-3): I apologize for assuming anything about your family. I still think it is worth offering the use of the letters, and regardless of his plans for this book (or the ghostwriter's plans) he still needs to obtain rights for the things that he has already made public. On the subject of appearing noble, it is no coincidence that he was campaigning for that guy who was just executed in Sacramento, California. It was clever of him to canvass on behalf of a guy who turned in his "schizophrenic" brother, almost as good as donating some of the reward money to a fund that is associated with schizophrenia. He or his lawyer is adept at reinforcing public opinion through modeling behavior, acts, etc. The lawyer Bisceglie told the Times that your book would be further evidence of mental illness. I am guessing that telegraphs their game plan. Nothing you say can discredit your brother in his eyes because he can just say that you are not credible. They will gloss over the letters and paint them in the rosiest colors possible and Dave will be forgiven his youthful straying. I think anything else will make people say "He doth protest too much" which would be a bad move. Next paragraph: discovery. Yes, it seems likely.

I have passed the legal matters on to Jeff. I need to get everything together very soon so that we can get the book finished according to schedule. I will be sending only those edits you indicated. In response to your comments on the line-edit, I do have some points I would like to bring up, apologetically, because you are right and I have erred on the side of stylistic meddling. However, "perhaps they sense my contempt" changes the meaning by degree and tends toward the public

reception you said you were interested in, (it expresses a collected form of accusation). "They must have" implies a speculative mood that is stronger than "perhaps." A line-edit is wholly concerned with questions of style and you had, I thought, expressed interest in making the book more attractive to a larger audience. I apologize once again, for I fear that I misunderstood what you were requesting. In my defense, no more than a handful is often synonymous with "no more than five." Having thought about it, the constraints of time have led me to believe that there should not be any stylistic edits here. I am a fan of your writing. Now I shall cease apologizing for fear that it will elicit a joke (but I am sorry).

Your letter of April 30. Please let me know what books you would like to read, and I will send a defrocked copy to you.

I noticed something interesting last night. It sometimes happens after a long stretch of no soap touching my head (three weeks in this case) that my hair follicles become sensitive. (You may wonder how the press and public react to the fact that it takes me well over a year to get through a bottle of shampoo: I have the dry hair of a Jew and so no one can see that it is dirty.) Anyway, my hair "hurt" and I decided to wash it. Wrong move. The shampoo actually stung. I made two applications and gave up. Interesting too that the scent that usually wafts from my noggin was undiminished. I guess it permeated my scalp. Bathing and culture: in addition to the French, I think also of the Greeks and Italians. You no doubt remember my anecdote about Wordsworth and early 19<sup>th</sup>-century England.

Ulveman just left for Alaska. It was my impression that he had received your terms and would be agreeing to them: (Ulveman > me) "Just wrote TK that I accept his conditions about directing me to his shack. Acc. to Denvir the whole shack discussion is a "big red herring", but I find it interesting anyway. I am on my way to Alaska for a month or so and would hate to miss the debate about the book." I assume he is talking about Mello's book.

More later. If you have written anything along the lines of "Ship of Fools", please send it on to me for my further "enjoyment and edification."

Y + S,  
Ben.

## THE CLOISTER \*

Its walls were callused, a palimpsest  
of mortar and stone and brick  
buzzing with erasure  
and the white noise of several regimes.

I padded down the walkway  
through cold, myrrh-tinged air  
past the tomb caps, straight chairs,  
a slasher-film Christ caught

in the seam between the vaulting  
and milk cows, the faded outer wall  
that whispered to no one,  
"Eternal Friendship with the Soviets."

The ten-pfennig candle, a Hapsburg pinky,  
consumed itself inch-wise.  
The flame sat down and bulbed white.  
History caught with its pants down.

Something I wrote in  
1991 when I was  
teaching in East Germany.

June 1991: The cloister in Jerichow is the largest Romanesque cathedral in Germany.  
Located in the former DDR, it served the dual purpose of a Roman Catholic church  
and local dairy for over fifty years.